

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## A CHARMING FELLOW.

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### CHAPTER X.

THE time which elapsed between Rhoda's first visit to Minnie Bodkin and the beginning of February—February, which was to carry Algernon Errington away to the great metropolis—was a vexed and stormy one for the Maxfield household.

Jonathan Maxfield had come to a downright quarrel with the preacher—or to something as near to a quarrel as can be attained, where the violence and vituperation are all on one side—and had ordered Powell out of his house. This was a serious step, and was sure to be searchingly canvassed. Maxfield absented himself from the next class-meeting on the plea of ill-health. There was a general knowledge in the class and throughout the society that there had been a breach, and many members began to take sides rather warmly.

Maxfield was not a personally popular man, but he had considerable influence amongst his fellow Wesleyans; the influence of wealth, and a strong will, and the long habit of being a leading personage. David Powell, on the other hand, was not heartily liked by many of the congregation.

The Whitford Methodists had slid into a sleepy, comfortable state of mind, in their obscure little corner. They acquired no new members, and lost no old ones. Even the well-devised machinery of Methodism, so calculated to enforce movement and quicken attention, had grown somewhat rusty in Whitford. Frequent change

of preachers is a powerful spur to sluggish hearers; but even this—among the fundamental peculiarities of Methodism—was very seldom applied to the Whitfordians. Circumstances, and their own apathy, had brought it to pass that two elderly preachers—steady, jog-trot old roadsters—had alternately succeeded each other in exhorting and preaching to this quiet flock for several years. There was, besides, Nick Green, foreman to Mr. Gladwish, the shoemaker, who enjoyed the rank of local preacher for a time, but who finally seceded from the main body, and drew with him half-a-dozen or so of the more zealous or excitable worshippers, who subscribed to hire a room over a corn-dealer's storehouse in Lady-lane, and by the stentorian vehemence of their Sunday devotion there speedily acquired the title of Ranters.

Into this sleepy, comfortable Whitford society David Powell had burst with his startling energy and fiery eloquence, and it was impossible to be sleepy and comfortable any longer. No one likes to be suddenly roused from a doze, and Powell had awakened Whitford as with the sound of a trumpet. Yet, after the effects of the first start and shock had subsided, the Methodists began to take pride in the attention which their preacher attracted. Their little chapel was crowded. His field-preaching drew throngs of people from all the country side. Instead of being merely an obscure little knot of Dissenters, about whom no outsider troubled himself, they felt themselves to be objects of general observation. Old men, who had heard Wesley preach half a century ago, declared that this Welshman had inherited the mantle of their founder.

But then came, by no slow or doubtful degrees, the discovery that David Powell

had inherited more than the traditional eloquence of John Wesley; and that, like that wonderful man, he spared neither himself nor others in the service of his Master.

He set up a standard of conduct which dismayed many, even of the leading Methodists, who did not share that exaltation of spirit which supported Powell in his disdain of earthly comforts. And the awful sincerity of his character was found by many to be absolutely intolerable.

He made a strong effort to revive the early morning services, which had quite fallen into desuetude at Whitford. What! Go to pray in the cold little meeting-house at five o'clock on a winter's morning? There was scarcely one of the congregation whose health would allow of such a proceeding.

Then his matter-of-fact interpretations of much of the Gospel teaching was excessively startling. He would coolly expect you to deprive yourself not only of superfluities, but of necessities—such, for instance, as three meals of flesh-meat a day, which are clearly indispensable for health—in order to give to the poor.

It must be owned that he practised his own precepts in this respect; and that he literally gave away all he had, beyond the trifling sum which was needful to clothe him with decency, and to feed him in a manner which the Whitfordians considered reprehensibly inadequate. Such asceticism savoured almost of monkery. It was really wrong. At least it was to be hoped that it was wrong; otherwise—!

So the awakening preacher by no means had all his flock on his side, when they suspected him to be in opposition to old Max.

Jonathan's mind had been, as he expressed it, greatly exercised respecting his daughter. He was drawn different ways by contending impulses.

To speak to Rhoda openly; to send her to Duckwell, out of Algernon's way; to let things go on as they were going; (for was not Rhoda's reception by the Bodkins manifestly a preliminary step to her permanent rise in the social scale?) to talk openly to Algernon, and demand his intentions: all these plans presented themselves to his mind in turn, and each in turn appeared the most desirable.

Jonathan was not an irresolute man in general, because he never doubted his own perfect competency to deal with circumstances as they arose in his life. But now

he felt his ignorance. He did not understand the ways of gentlefolks. He might injure his daughter by his attempt to serve her. And although he had fits of self-assertion (during which he made much of the value of his own money and of Rhoda's merits), all did not avail to free his spirit from the subjection it was in to "gentlefolks."

Again, he was urged not to seem to distrust the Erringtons by a strong feeling of opposition to Powell. Powell had warned him against letting Rhoda associate with them. Powell had even gone so far as to reprehend him for having done so. To prove Powell wholly wrong and presumptuous, and himself wholly right and sagacious, was a very powerful motive with Maxfield.

Then, too, the one soft place in his heart contributed, no less than the above-mentioned feelings, to make him pause before coming to a decisive explanation with the Erringtons, which might—yes, he could not help seeing that it might—result in a total breach between his family and them, and this increased his hesitation as to the line of conduct he should pursue. For the conviction had been growing on him daily that Rhoda's happiness was seriously involved; and Rhoda's happiness was a tremendously high stake to play.

The discussion between himself and Powell did not trouble Maxfield so much. The world—his little world, as important to him as other little worlds are to the titled, or the rich, or the fashionable, or the famous—supposed him to be greatly chagrined and exercised in spirit on this account. And people sympathised with him, or blamed him, according to their prejudices, their passions, or—sometimes—their convictions. But the truth was, old Max cared little about being at odds with the preacher or with the congregation, or with both.

He had been an important personage among the Whitford Methodists, all through the old comfortable days of sleepy concord. And was he now to become a less important personage in these new times of "awakening?" Better war than an ignominious peace!

Nay, there came at last to be a talk of expelling him from the Methodist society, unless he would confess his fault towards the preacher, and amend it. Maxfield had no lack of partisans in Whitford, as has been stated; but then there was the superintendent! In those days the

superintendent (or, as some old-fashioned Methodists continued to call him, in the original Wesleyan phrase, the assistant) of the circuit in which Whitford was situated, was a man of great zeal and sincere enthusiasm.

For those unacquainted with the mechanism of Methodism, it may be well briefly to state what were this person's functions.

Long before John Wesley's death, the whole country was divided into circuits, in which the itinerant preachers made their rounds; and of each circuit the whole spiritual and temporal business—so far as they were connected with the aims and interests of Methodism—was under the regulation of the assistant (afterwards styled the superintendent), whose office it was to admit or expel members, take lists of the society at Easter, hold quarterly meetings, visit the classes quarterly, preside at the love-feasts, and so forth.

The period for the superintendent's next visit to Whitford was rapidly approaching. Maxfield weighed the matter, and tried to forecast the result of a formal reference of the disagreement between himself and Powell to this man's judgment. Had this superintendent, Mr. John Bateson by name, been a Whitford man, one of the old comfortable, narrow-minded tradesmen over whom "old Max" had exercised supremacy in things Methodist for years, Maxfield would have felt no doubt but that the matter would have ended in an unctuous admonition to Powell to moderate his unseemly excess of zeal, and in the establishment of himself, more firmly than ever, in his place as leader of the congregation. But Mr. Bateson could not be relied on to take this sensible view. He was one of the new-fangled, upsetting, meddling sort, and would doubtless declare David Powell to have been performing his bounden duty, in being instant in season and out of season.

"So that," thought Jonathan, "I should not be master in my own house!"

And if he included in the notion of being master in his own house the power of shutting out his fellow Methodists—preacher and all—from the knowledge of his most private family affairs, the conclusion was a pretty just one. Moreover, it was one to which the very constitution of Methodism pointed *a priori*. But old Maxfield had never in his life been brought into collision with any one who carried

out his principles to their legitimate and logical results, as did David Powell.

Maxfield's creed was a thing to take out and air, and acknowledge at chapel, and prayer-meetings, and field-preachings, and such like occasions; whilst his practice was—well, it certainly was not "too bright or good for human nature's daily food."

David Powell's uncompromising interpretation of certain precepts was intolerable to many besides Maxfield. But the majority of the Whitford Methodists looked forward to Powell's removal to another sphere of action. His stay among them had already been longer than was usual with the itinerant preachers; but it was understood to have been specially prolonged, in consequence of the abundant fruits brought forth by his ministration in Whitford. Still he would go, sooner or later, and then there would be a relaxation of the strong tension in which men's minds and consciences had been strained by the strange influence of this preacher.

But old Maxfield thought it very probable that, before leaving Whitford, the preacher might compass his (Maxfield's) expulsion from the Methodist body.

Then he took a great resolution.

One Sunday, Jonathan, James, and Rhoda Maxfield, together with Elizabeth Grimshaw, were seen at the morning service in the abbey church of St. Chad's, and again in the afternoon.

Dr. Bodkin himself stared down from his pulpit at the Methodist family. Those of the congregation to whom they were known by sight—and these were the great majority—found their devotions quite disturbed by this unexpected addition to their number.

The Maxfields kept their eyes on their prayer-books, and, outwardly, took no heed of the attention they excited. Old Jonathan and his son James looked pretty much as usual; Rhoda trembled, and blushed, and looked painfully shy whenever the forms of the service required her to rise, so as to bring her face above the pew (those were the days of pews) and within easy range of the curious eyes of the congregation.

But Betty Grimshaw held her head aloft, and uttered the responses in a loud voice, and without glancing at her book, as one to whom the Church of England service was entirely familiar. Betty was heartily delighted with the family conversion from the errors of Methodism, and

supported her brother-in-law in it with great warmth. Her Methodism had, in truth, been a mere piece of conformity, for "peace and quietness' sake," as she avowed with much candour. And she was fond of saying that she had been "bred up to the Church;" by which phrase it must not be understood that Betty intended to convey to her hearers that she had entered on an ecclesiastical career.

If the sensation created in the abbey church by the Maxfields' appearance there was great, the surprise and excitement caused by their absence from the Methodist chapel was still greater. By the afternoon of that same Sunday it was known to all the Wesleyans that old Max, with his family, had been seen at St. Chad's. No one deemed it strange, that the whole family should have seceded in a body from their own place of worship. It appeared quite natural to all his old acquaintances that, whither Jonathan Maxfield went, his son, and his daughter, and his sister-in-law should follow him. It is probable that, had he turned Jew or Mohammedan, they would equally have taken it for granted that his conversion involved that of the rest of his family, which opinion was certainly complimentary to old Max's force of character.

And such force of character as consists in pursuing one's own way single-mindedly, old Max undoubtedly possessed. A good, solid belief in oneself, tempered by an inability to see more than one side of a question, will cleave its way through the world like a wedge. We have seen, however, that into Maxfield's mind a doubt of himself on one subject had entered. And, as doubt will do, it weakened his action very considerably as regarded that subject; but on all other matters he was himself, and perhaps infused an extra amount of obstinacy and self-assertion into his behaviour, as though to counterbalance the one weak point.

Towards his old co-religionists he showed himself inflexible. Mr. Bateson, the superintendent, duly arrived, but Jonathan refused to see him, and walked out of his shop when the superintendent walked into it. Maxfield was grimly triumphant, and kept out of the reach of any expression of displeasure from Mr. Bateson, if displeasure he felt.

His defection was undoubtedly a blow to the Methodist community in Whitford. And much indignation, not loud but deep, was aroused in consequence against Powell,

who was looked upon as the prime cause of it. What if the preacher did possess awakening eloquence and burning zeal to save sinners? Here was Jonathan Maxfield, a warm man, a respectable and a thriving man, an ancient pillar of the society, lost to it beyond recall by Powell's means!

And by whom did Powell seek to replace such a man as old Max? By Richard Gibbs, the groom—brother of Minnie Bodkin's maid—who had hitherto enjoyed a reputation for unmitigated blackguardism; by Sam Smith, the cobbler, once drunken, now drunken no longer; by stray vagrants who were converted at his field-preaching, and by the poorest poor, and wretchedest wretched, generally!

And the worst of it was, that one could not openly find fault with all this. David Powell would, with mild yet fervent earnestness, quote some New Testament text, which stopped one's mouth, if it didn't change one's opinion. As if the words ought to be interpreted in that literal way! Well, he would go away before long; that was some comfort.

The period during which this rift in the Methodist community was widening, was a time of peculiar pleasantness to some of our Whitford acquaintance. Of these was Minnie Bodkin. By degrees the habit had established itself among a few of her friends, of meeting every Saturday afternoon in Dr. Bodkin's drawing-room.

Mr. Diamond usually made one at these meetings. Saturday was a half-holiday at the Grammar School, and he was thus at leisure. He had grown more sociable of late, and Mrs. Errington was convinced that this change was entirely owing to her advice. There was Algernon, whose sparkling spirits made him invaluable. There was Mrs. Errington, who was made welcome, as other mothers sometimes are, in right of the merits of her offspring. There was Miss Chubb very often. There was the Reverend Peter Warlock, nearly always. And of all people in the world there would often be seen Rhoda Maxfield, modestly ensconced behind Minnie's couch, or half hidden by the voluminous folds of Mrs. Errington's gown.

No sooner had Mrs. Errington heard of Rhoda's first visit to Dr. Bodkin's house, than she took all the credit of the invitation to herself. She decided that it must certainly be due to her report of Rhoda. And—partly because she really wished to be kind to the girl, partly because it



seemed pretty clear that Minnie was resolved to have her own way about seeing more of her new protégée, and Mrs. Errington was minded that this should come to pass with her co-operation, so as to retain her post of first patroness—the good lady fostered the intimacy by all means in her power. The Italians have a proverb, to the effect that there are persons who will take credit to themselves for the sunshine in July. Mrs. Errington would complacently have assumed the merit of the whole solar system.

Now, at these Saturdays, there grew and strengthened themselves many conflicting feelings, and hopes, and illusions. It was a game at cross purposes, to which none of the players held the key except Algernon.

That young gentleman's perceptions, unclouded and uncoloured by strong feeling, were pretty clear and accurate. However, the period of his departure was fast approaching, and, "after me, the deluge," might be taken to epitomise his sentiments in view of possible complications which threatened to arise among his own intimate circle of friends. To whatever degree the time might seem to be out of joint, Algy would never torment himself with the fancy that he was born to set it right. "If there is to be a mess, I am better out of it," was his ingenuous reflection.

Meanwhile, whatever thoughts might be flitting about under his bright curls, nothing, save the most winning good-humour, the most insouciant hilarity, ever peeped for an instant out of his frank, shining eyes. And the weeks went by, and February was at hand.

## ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

### LINCOLN.

THAT the old proverb is true, that "the Devil looks over Lincoln," we do not for more than a moment dispute; but that surely is no reason why we should overlook Lincoln, that bright particular star among English cathedrals, that heaven-pointing beacon, which rises so proudly above the wolds, heaths, and fens of the marshy and amphibious county, and which is loved, by true Lincolnshire folk, as a palladium, a wonder, and a treasure.

According to the Venerable Bede, Lincoln derives its name from the Latin word *Collinus*, which refers to its being built on a hill; but the early Britons called it *Lindcoit*, from the woods that surrounded it. Roman Lincoln was an expansion of

British Lincoln, and the walls, from east to west, covered an area, it is believed, of about one thousand three hundred feet in length and one thousand two hundred in breadth, having only one gate near the middle, which is the Newport Gate of the present day. The southern gate was taken down about 1777, and it was all that the workmen could do, with a powerful battering-ram, to bring it to the ground. According to that eminent antiquary, Mr. Gough, the cathedral close comprehends nearly half of the old Roman city eastward. The west gate of Lincoln was probably pulled down when the Conqueror built the castle, but the east gate stood till 1813, when Sir Cecil Wray built a house on the site. The old Roman wall of the city, says Gough, passed in a direct line through the site of the present chapter-house and upper transept to the brow of the hill, whence, at the enlargement of the original Roman city, it passed down by the Were Dyke to the Tower Garth on the water side. The Bail was the true old Roman *Lindum*.

The Newport Gate, Dr. Stukeley, another most eminent old antiquary, considered a splendid relic of old Rome. The semicircular archway, sixteen feet in diameter, is formed of only twenty-six Cyclopean stones of coarse grit, laid apparently without mortar; the original height of this portal for the legionaries having been twenty-two feet and a half. Eastward of this gateway ran another lump of Roman wall, and westward a mass of alternate brick and stone, which went in Lincoln by the name of the Mint Wall, though it was probably only a fragment of a Roman granary. From Roman coins found near the north-west wall, it is supposed that Roman Lincoln dates back to the usurper Carausius, or Julian the Apostate. If the former emperor, the Lincoln walls go back as far as the end of the third century after Christ. In 1739, at the south-west corner of the cathedral close, near the Chequer Gate, there were discovered three Roman stone coffins, a white tessellated pavement, and a hypocaust, thirteen feet below the level of modern Lincoln—so deep, says Mr. Gough, in his edition of Camden's *Britannia*, had old *Lindum* sunk into its grave. In 1782 a Roman sweating-bath was dug into near the King's Arms; and in 1790, in an open field half a mile from the east gate, a rough Roman sarcophagus and urn, and several earthen and glass funeral urns, were found. In 1786 Roman conduit-

pipes were dug up between the castle and Quay Tower, on the side of Foss Dyke. In the area of the castle have also been discovered fragments of black and gilt pottery. In 1791, in digging in the cloister court of Lincoln cathedral, two tessellated rooms were discovered, and there is still a Roman inscription built into the west wall of St. Mary's Tower.

The Danes frequently stormed Lincoln; nor were the rapacious Normans much less greedy and cruel. The Conqueror's first order, after his victory near the Sussex seashore, was to build four great castles—at Hastings, Nottingham, York, and Lincoln. The latter town then contained, as Domesday Book shows, one thousand and seventy houses, two hundred and forty of which were destroyed by William's workmen, to make room for the new fortress that was to curb the stubborn and reluctant Saxons. Little but the gates, walls, and keep now remain. The latter is now a gaol; and opposite it is an entrenchment, originally thrown up by King Stephen.

It was in the reign of our first Norman king that Lincoln really began, in spite of the half-Frenchman's greedy tyranny, to bloom and burgeon. It was the proud Norman's will that all sees should be removed to the chief cities in the diocese, and lurk no longer in small towns or obscure villages; so, at William's fiat, Remigius de Foscamp took down his crozier and mitre from Dorchester and hung them up again at Lincoln, and began the foundation of a cathedral which he completed in the brief space of four years, but which he did not live to consecrate.

In the reign of Henry the First the city became at once wealthy and populous by the energy of the richer citizens, who cut a navigable canal from their river Witham to the Trent, near Torksey; and this was probably the first canal ever cut—except for military purposes—in England. The Trent, thus opened, led to the Humber, and the Humber to the sea; and thus foreign imports were added to inland exports, and so came industry and wealth.

Lincoln survived a terrible fire in 1110, and an earthquake in 1185, and took an active part in the wars of Maud and Stephen, for it had now become rich and powerful.

Stephen had taken Lincoln Castle from a half-brother of Rannulph, the warlike and powerful Earl of Chester. The two brothers, however, won it back by force

or fraud from Stephen, and even obtained his pardon and a confirmation of their old claims. The Lincoln citizens disliking—or, as old chroniclers call it, “greatly disrelishing”—the Earl of Chester, soon sent secret word to Stephen that he might now, by a sudden and impetuous attack, take the ill-provided castle and seize the two brothers, one of whom had married a daughter of the Earl of Gloucester, Maud's great partisan. Stephen was at the time near London, with his army, preparing to celebrate the Christmas festivals. The king, false and careless of oaths of honour, instantly drew together a force and invested Lincoln Castle; yet, after all, the prey escaped him. The Earl of Chester, slipping away by night, passed Stephen and his army, spurred off to Wales, sent to his father-in-law, the Earl of Gloucester, for troops, and arrived back at Gloucester just as it was about to surrender, worn out with a six weeks' close siege. The earl, passing a swollen river, where Stephen should have fallen on him, met Stephen on a plain near Chester, in battle array.

Stephen, brave to the core, but inferior in number to the earl in knights and men-at-arms, stood at bay at last, round his royal standard, which he himself, dismounting, defended with axe and spear. He had unhorsed the strongest of his knights and formed them into a solid phalanx; his two scanty divisions of cavalry he posted on his flanks, which were led by eight earls, of whom the Earl of Richmond was chief. The Earl of Gloucester had, also, three divisions; but he did not dismount his knights, and he placed in the vanguard a band of barons and knights attached to Maud, and whom the brave usurper had deprived of their lands. These desperate men, throwing away their spears and drawing their swords, fell desperately on the Earl of Richmond's cavalry, and put them to rout, with all the earls, in a pack. The onset now pressed closer and closer on Stephen's band, which, William of Malmesbury says, “was finally invested like a castle.” The phalanx long withstood both horse and foot, axe, spear, sword, and arrow; but, at last, the Earl of Chester, strenuous for victory, and dismounting all his cavalry, wedged into the solid square, and hewed a way to the usurper. All round Stephen were now either killed or taken; but he fought on, beating down the earl with a blow of a mace. At last, his battle-axe and sword

broke; he was wounded on the head by a stone, his vizor was seized by a knight of great strength, and he was then overpowered and sent to Bristol Castle, where he was thrown into prison. Things, however, in spite of all, went well with the brave usurper; for his great enemy, the Earl of Gloucester, was soon after taken by William of Ypres, one of his (Stephen's) adherents, and exchanged for the great prisoner; and the Earl of Chester, on his release, delivered up to him the castles of Coventry and Lincoln. At the latter place, Stephen spent a merry Christmas in 1044; and, finally, after a reign of nineteen troublous years, was succeeded by Henry the Second, with whom he had long been at peace.

It is said by Speed that, after being crowned in London, Henry the Second was crowned again at Lincoln. It is certain, at least, that on his return from a meeting with Malcolm, King of Scotland, Henry wore his crown at Wishford, but not at Lincoln; the people of that powerful city having a superstition that a king wearing his crown within the walls was a forerunner of disaster. Richard the First put up Lincoln Castle for sale, but with what result is not recorded. In the reign of John, David, King of Scotland, did homage to the usurper outside the city. In all these ceremonies and catastrophes Lincoln cathedral had its share of rejoicing or deprecating processions, and victors and captives alike knelt at the shrine.

When the barons turned out against John, one of them took Lincoln, but the castle still held out stoutly for the king. It was on his way to relieve the city that John lost all his treasure and baggage in the inundated marshes, and soon after died, either poisoned or broken-hearted. The Earl of Pembroke, as regent of the young king, at once raised a powerful army and pushed on to Lincoln to save the castle. The French, under the Earl of Perch, were attacked on all sides, and were soon defeated, the earl being speared through his vizor in the churchyard of the cathedral, some four hundred rebel knights taken, and the rest drowned in the Witham, or butchered by the country people. The riches of the barons' camp were plundered and sold, and hence the battle was mockingly known as "Lewis Fair."

The castle of Lincoln, in the reign of Edward the First, became annexed to the Duchy of Lancaster. John of Gaunt made the castle his summer residence, and is

said to have built himself a winter palace in the southern suburbs below the hill.

Edward the First held a parliament at Lincoln, where it was agreed to resist the Pope's prohibition against waging war with Scotland; and, four years after, Edward wintered here, and confirmed Magna Charta. Edward the Second also held a parliament in Lincoln to consult how best to prevent Scotch outrage. This king first granted the privilege of a mayor to Lincoln; and Richard the Second, when visiting the city, granted the mayors of the town the privilege of having a sword carried before them in their civic processions. Henry the Sixth, in 1446, held his court in the episcopal palace on the hill.

In the reign of Edward the Fourth Lincoln was the scene of a short-lived rebellion, and, at the cathedral, prayers must have been offered up both for the success and defeat of the conspirators. The son of Lord Wells, enraged at the death of his father, whom Edward had cruelly beheaded, collected thirty thousand men at Lincoln and attacked the Yorkist army at Stamford, where he was defeated and some ten thousand men slain. The Lincoln men, in their eagerness to escape, stripped off their coats to run faster, from which circumstance the battle is still known at Lincoln as "The Battle of Lose Coat Field." After Bosworth, Henry the Seventh visited Lincoln. Here he spent three days offering up prayers and thanksgivings at the cathedral for his victory; and here, too, he heard of the breaking up of Lord Lovell's army. Lincoln was again in effervescence, when Henry the Eighth and Cromwell enforced the reading of the Lord's Prayer, and other parts of divine service, in English. A priest, known as Captain Cobler, soon gathered together twenty thousand insurgents, but they laid down their arms on the king threatening to march against them in person. The town paid a forty-pound benevolence, however, for this clemency.

After this, Lincoln remained quiet among its marshes till the Civil War, when it was besieged by the Earl of Manchester and his Parliamentary army, who soon took all but the castle and minster. The scaling was done very gallantly at two in the morning; the garrison, ceasing from firing and hurling down large stones, Sir Francis Fane, the Cavalier governor, and some seven hundred soldiers, were taken prisoners. The cathedral did not suffer much from this short storm.

Of the Bishops of Lincoln who presided in this beautiful cathedral, Remigius, the first Norman prelate, died on the eve of the day appointed for the consecration of the new church he had built, and to which he had invited every bishop in England. This good man, the legend goes, fed daily, for three months in every year, one thousand poor persons. It is said he instigated the Conqueror to erect Battle Abbey.

His successor, Bloet, who had been chaplain to William, added twenty-one prebends to the cathedral, which he adorned, furnished, and consecrated. He was thirty years bishop, and died suddenly of apoplexy at Woodstock, as he was riding with King Henry the First. In Bloet's time Ely was taken away from the see of Lincoln. The third bishop, Alexander de Blois, rebuilt Lincoln cathedral on its being burnt, and also built three castles, for which last proof of ambitious ostentation he was imprisoned by King Stephen, upon which, on obtaining his freedom—to atone for his fault—he built and endowed four monasteries.

The next bishop, Robert de Chisney, began injuring the revenue of the see by constant indiscreet grants to greedy relations; but eventually grew more prudent, and, as compensation for his extravagance, built the episcopal chapel at Lincoln, and provided a house for himself and successors on the west side of Chancery-lane in London (now known as Lincoln's Inn Fields). After his death there was a vacant throne in the cathedral for six years, when Geoffrey Plantagenet, one of Henry the Second's illegitimate sons by the Fair Rosamond, without ever visiting Lincoln, or even being consecrated priest, pocketed the revenues of the marshy diocese with pious punctuality.

Walter de Constantis, the next bishop, abandoned Lincoln for Caen, in consequence of a vague prophecy that no Bishop of Lincoln could long wear his mitre in peace. His successor, Hugh, a Somersetshire prior, and a man of great piety and austerity, who enlarged the cathedral, died in London, and his body arrived at the gate of Lincoln, just as John and Malcolm of Scotland entered the city. The two kings, eager to honour so holy a corpse, at once set their shoulders to the bier and bore it to the cathedral, where it was buried near the altar of St. John the Baptist. Abbot Hugh, twenty years later, was canonised at Rome, and sixty years after his bones were placed in a gold

shrine, which disappeared at the Reformation, when zeal and theft ran high. Bishop Fuller afterwards erected a plain altar-tomb over the good man's grave. It was this Bishop Hugh who cruelly dug up Fair Rosamond's body and removed it, as a desecration, from Godstow nunnery.

Hugh de Wallies, Chancellor of England, a later bishop, was excommunicated by the Pope for supporting the just cause of the barons against King John; but he bought off the Papal curse by a fine of one thousand marks.

And now we come to a very great and enlightened man indeed—Bishop Grosseteste, one of the earliest of our Greek scholars, and an eminent mathematician, philosopher, and theologian. Richard of Bardney, a rhyming chronicler, who versified the bishop's life, describes the boy as being seen at school by the mayor of Lincoln, whose interest he had excited while begging at his door; but he was really a Suffolk man by birth, and was educated at Oxford, where he studied Greek and Hebrew, wrote a book on astronomy, and was supposed to have invented a brazen head, that answered questions, and uttered prophecies, every Saturday. He is said by some to have been the first Englishman to introduce the Greek numerals; and, above all things, he openly and resolutely opposed the encroachments of the Pope. He was, in fact, one of the early reformers of the English Church, and in many respects rivalled Wycliffe. It is probable that Grosseteste finished the present cathedral nave as far as the west towers, including the great transept and rood tower, begun by Hugh de Wallies; and he raised the rood tower as high as the upper windows, Bishop D'Alderly afterwards adding the spire, which fell down in 1547. On the night Grosseteste died, Fulke Basset, Bishop of London, being near Buckden, heard "a certain sweet bell sounding high in the air;" and he said to his attendants, "By St. Paul, I am of opinion, brothers, that the venerable bishop passed out of this world is now seated in the heavenly region; and this bell is a token of it, for there is no abbey near."

This enlightened man was a great opponent of the Italian clergy thrust into English benefices by that overbearing Pope, Innocent the Fourth. He calculated that these Italian intruders pocketed more than seventy thousand marks a year, whilst the king's income did not amount to a third of



that sum. He boldly wrote to the Pope, denouncing such appointments, and insisting that no papal mandate could be valid that was repugnant to the doctrine of Christ and his apostles. He would not obey such an absurd mandate, he said, though an angel from Heaven should command it. The Pope fell into a rage at this honest letter.

"Who is this old dotard," he cried, "deaf and imbecile, who thus rashly presumes to judge my actions? By Peter and Paul, if the goodness of my heart did not restrain me, I would so chastise him as to make him an example and spectacle to all the world. Is not the King of England my sworn vassal, and, at a word of mine, would he not throw him into prison, and load him with infamy and disgrace?"

The Pope then solemnly excommunicated Grosseteste, and even appointed a successor to his see. The learned man, however, took no notice of the brutum fulmen, and was not a whit the worse for it. On his death-bed, Grosseteste plainly denounced the Pope as Antichrist, for the usury, simony, and rapine he encouraged; and prophesied that only the edge of the sword would ever save England from such Egyptian bondage. This man, who was so much before his age, was interred in the upper south transept. An effigy of the bishop, in brass, was raised upon an altar-tomb. The Pope rejoiced over his death, and first wished to write to King Henry and order the bishop's bones to be cast out of the church and burnt. An indulgence of forty days was granted by Bishop D'Alderly to all who visited his tomb; out of which, said the monks, oozed a holy and healing oil. The grave was opened in 1782, and the bones discovered, with a sheet of lead placed above, where the face had been. His crozier was carved at the top into a lamb's head, and there was also found a ring, with a small blue stone, a chalice, and paten. On the crozier-top was a brass plate, inscribed with these words:

*Pro baculi formam,  
Prelati discito, Normam.*

The seal bore a bishop standing on one side, and on the other, Our Lady and the Child Jesus, with the motto, "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum." Edward the First in vain endeavoured to obtain the canonisation of Grosseteste; and the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, equally in vain, plied the Pope with eulogies of the dead man's learning, piety, and miracles.

The effigy and arms of this tomb were destroyed during the Civil War.

But it is round another mitred monument of Lincoln cathedral that the greatest number of legends cluster. It stands desolately in the south aisle of the choir, and is traditionally supposed to be the tomb of little Sir Hugh, a child found murdered at Lincoln in 1225, and vulgarly supposed to have been crucified by some cruel and blasphemous Jews, in derision of Our Saviour's sufferings. A body supposed to be that of the sainted child was discovered, says good old Pegge, in his life of Grosseteste, in 1791, when the north aisle of the choir was repaired; but only another old Pegge will ever believe him. There were many ballads written about this supposed crime, the best of which commences,

*The bonny boys of merry Lincoln  
Were playing at the ball;  
And with them stood the sweet Sir Hugh,  
The flower among them all.*

Chaucer, with his quick perception of the beautiful, at once seized on so recent a miracle, and introduced "Young Hew of Lincoln" into his Prioress's story. Bishop Percy, with less than his usual acumen, mistook "Mirryland Toun" for Mailand, Milan, and concluded the whole to be of Italian origin. The story is, after all, a true one, for Matthew Paris, who was living at the time, relates it circumstantially. Mr. Lethieuller proved the fact in the *Archæologia* by two records, one of which was a commission from the king (Henry the Third) to seize for the king's use the houses belonging to those Jews who were hanged at Lincoln for crucifying a child. According to Matthew Paris, the boy, eight years old, was tortured for ten days and then crucified before a large council of Jews, in contempt of Christianity. The body was found in a pit or draw-well in the house of a Jew, which the boy had been seen to enter. The Jew, being promised pardon, confessed the crime, and avowed that such murders were committed nearly every year by his nation. Notwithstanding the promise of pardon, the Jew was tied to the tail of a horse and dragged to the gallows, and eventually eighteen of the richest and most distinguished Jews in Lincoln were hanged for sharing in the murder, and many more sent as hostages to the Tower of London. Herd and Jamieson both give variations of this once popular ballad. In 1736, when Lethieuller visited Lincoln cathedral, he was shown a painted statuette of a boy

which was erroneously supposed to have formed part of "Bishop Hugh's" tomb. There were bleeding wounds marked on the hands, feet, and side, and the antiquary conjectures that the shrine given in Stukeley's *Itinerarium Curiosum* was the real tomb of Sir Hugh.

Poor old Lincoln cathedral has suffered much from reformers, both rough and gentle. Peck, in his *Desiderata Curiosa*, gives one hundred and sixty-three monumental inscriptions as existing in 1641, and most of these were soon after torn off or brutally defaced. The list had been collated carefully with Dugdale. The cathedral was a gold mine for Henry the Third, who rummaged out of its treasures no less than two thousand six hundred and twenty-one ounces of gold, and four thousand two hundred and eighty-five ounces of silver, besides pearls and precious stones. St. Hugh's shrine was of pure gold, and Bishop D'Alderly's of massy silver. The episcopal mitre was the richest in England, and the cloths for the altar were of costly cloth of gold, embroidered with patriarchs, apostles, evangelists, and virgins. At the Reformation many old tombs were destroyed in search of treasure. The bishop and dean pulled down, or defaced in holy zeal, all crucifixes or figures of saints. Last of all came the fanatics of the Civil Wars, who worked as hard to destroy all Gothic adornments, as if a new road to Heaven was to be paved with their shivers. The brass plates on the walls and stones were torn out and sold, and the handsome brass gates of the choir and of several of the chantries pulled down and broken up. The episcopal chapel, built by Bishop Alnwick, has been partially destroyed since 1727. The south porch also, the usual entrance for the bishop, has been cruelly treated, the central statue being decapitated and the other much defaced.

There is a tradition in Lincoln about two lancet windows in the south front of the lower transept. The legend is that one of these was constructed by the master mason, who destroyed himself on his apprentice surpassing him in a second window. This must be an old freemasons' tradition, for a similar story is told at Melrose, only there it is a pillar and here a window.

The choir at Lincoln is remarkable for its arches, filled with figures of angels playing on musical instruments with the quaintest earnestness, or the most innocent and seraphic indifference. In the sixty-two stalls are misereres, or half-seats, or-

namented with foliage and grotesque devices, some not altogether reverent or even becoming. Amongst these is one figure with a bellows, puffing at a fire beneath a chaldron, from which a mitred head is rising. This is supposed to represent good Bishop Grosseteste at the moment he had completed his oracular brazen head, of which Gower says, in his *Lover's Confession* :—

How busy that he was  
Upon the clergy a head of brass  
To forge, and make it for to tell  
Of such things as befell.

On the north side of the high altar are the monuments of the Bishops Remigius and Bloet, probably erected at the same time when the choir was rebuilt by Bishop Alexander, in the reign of Stephen. The two form a screen, and are divided into six stalls, divided by small pinnaced buttresses; the three divisions nearest the altar (Bloet's tomb) were, in the middle ages, used as the Holy Sepulchre, during the solemn ceremonies of Passion week. At the door are three mailed knights reclining on their shields, and representing the Roman guard placed to watch the holy sepulchre.

On the south side of the choir, facing the tomb of these two early bishops, is an altar-tomb with the plaster figure of a coroneted lady, representing Catherine Swynford, first mistress, then wife of John of Gaunt; and near her is the tomb of her only daughter, Joan, Countess of Westmoreland.

But perhaps the most remarkable curiosity in this history of English cathedrals is that singular paradox in stone, that architectural puzzle, the unsupported "Centenarian beam"—a daring artifice of the old Gothic builders—to register, once and for ever, the settlement of the cathedral towers. It is a bow of uncemented stones, eleven inches in depth; twenty-nine feet long and twenty-one inches in diameter at either end, tapering in the middle to twelve inches. A more magical and exquisite gauge and test-piece was never invented by human ingenuity, and only the brazen head that good Bishop Grosseteste framed could surely ever have suggested such an invention. No wonder the brazen head went mad after that great intellectual effort, and beat itself wildly to pieces.

And now, one word for poor old Great Tom, though he, too, is cracked, like the celebrated head, fragments of which, the

vergers tell you, are indisputably to be found somewhere in the cathedral vaults. Truly, Sir Thomas of Lincoln is great, and his greatness, indeed, was at last too much for him. He weighs four tons fourteen hundredweight, and holds four hundred and twenty-four gallons (ale measure)—a pretty good draught, even for the bishop's brazen head—and his mouth is seven yards and a half wide. "Mighty Tom" of Oxford, however, beats Tom of Lincoln by three tons. Tom was always too big for Lincoln tower; but, when it was first cast in the minster yard, in the reign of James the First, it was always boomed out at the sight of the judges coming over the Fens towards Lincoln.

Among the good, bad, or eccentric bishops of Lincoln we should not forget spiteful Fleming, who founded Lincoln College at Oxford, and who strewed Wycliffe's ashes in the Swift, forgetting that

The Swift went to the Severn,  
And the Severn to the sea.

Sanderson (Charles the First) was the last bishop who wore a moustache; and, last of all, we may mention sturdy Bishop Thomas, who matrimonially distinguished himself by marrying and burying five wives.

#### HAUNTED.

THERE broods no shadow o'er these ancient walls,  
Where the bright roses clamber;  
As flutly the mellow blackbird calis,  
As silverly the fountain spirits and falls,  
As when, of old, her face from yonder chamber  
Looked forth at dewy morning early,  
While yet the moon, a crescent pale and pearly,  
Hung low in the blue west, and all the east was amber.

There broods no shadow, such as evil times  
And fallen fortunes summon, cold and grey,  
Beneath whose shroud creeps the slow ghoul decay,  
Slow but insatiate. Wild unworded crimes,  
And nameless sorrows have not pall'd the place  
With bodiless gloom, more dread than darkness' self.

The weird wan-visaged elf,  
Solitude, voiceless mate of silence, keeps  
No endless vigil here. A ring-dove sleeps,  
Sun-warmed, upon the porch. Joy's song is chaunted  
By happy lips of children all day long.  
It is a home of peace and summer song;  
And yet, the place is haunted!

The heart-loved haunts of memory are thronged  
With gentle ghosts, that chill us not, nor chide.  
Once through these flower-pied paths a form did glide,

Whose sunny eyes shine happier o'er the years,  
And brighter through my tears.  
That far-off spring with sweeter birds was song'd  
Than any summer now, because her voice  
Sang refrain to all carols. In my heart  
The music echoes still; oh heart rejoice  
That aught so dear and deathless may have birth

In this care-cumbered earth!  
Here is the curl she clipt! Its fellows now  
Show silver 'gainst its sable, yet within  
All wakes to youth at thought of her. The din

Of desperate life, of wild and strenuous days,  
Has never drowned those low, love-burden'd lays  
She sang to me at twilight here. Ah strange!  
Was it last even? Here? The changeful range  
Of three long decades shrinks, and lo!  
I'm pulse to pulse again with the dim long ago.  
See, there she glides, her long soft hair unbound,  
Her lightsome feet scarce pressing the glad ground,

More than some flying leaf!  
Can tears so quicken sight, and phantoms shape  
From memory's shadows? Thee I cannot drape  
With any veil of age, or garb of grief;

So young, so bright, so gay,  
A denizen of day

Thou wert, thou art; not even death hath power  
To shadow thee. This was thy favourite bower,  
This, this—and still, as ere thine eyes did close,  
The honeysuckle mingles with the rose.

A benison on those soft stranger hands  
That have been tender with this leafy screen;

In what dear visions seen  
On lonely nights, in far and flowerless lands!  
A gentle spirit-touch is on mine eyes,  
Soft as thy lips were. Should thy wraith arise  
Between me and the sun, wert thou more near,  
Oh darling of my youth, long dead, yet doubly dear?

Haunted! This garden was her best-loved realm,  
From lilac time to leaf fall. Branchy elm,  
Peers not a face between thy leafy low  
Sward-sweeping boughs? Ah no!  
To-day the nodding roses know her not,  
Even the gentle lily hath forgot  
The gentler hands that tended, long ago,  
Its buds of breaking snow.

Quick Nature holds no memory of the dead;  
Ghosts of slain blossoms, leaves that last year shed,  
Haunt not her greyest hours. The roses live  
But for the living, and no fragrance give  
To parted spirits, though their blossoms wave  
Above a green and unforgotten grave.  
Man only lives in memory's ground enchanted;  
Only the heart is haunted.

#### THE STORY OF OWEN GORTON.

##### IN SIX CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

A LOUD knocking at my door. Should I pay any heed to it? I wanted to see no one. I never received visitors: I was too well content to be alone and at peace. If any one desired to see me, what was that to me? Why should I sacrifice my will and my pleasure to his? Let him knock till he was tired, and then go about his business.

I lived in the corner house, facing the river, of one of the many dull, shabby northroughfares which run from the Strand southwards. It was a large rambling old-fashioned building, that had once probably been the mansion of a nobleman. It was now let out, in sets of chambers, to tenants of various kinds and callings. At high tide its walls were almost washed by the river; at low water, an acre or so of thick black mud, with here and there narrow fringes of rushes and rank vegetation, was left to rub against and sap and soil the foundations. I am describing the place as it

existed some twenty years ago—a gloomy, grimy house, that had known little of paint or whitewash, or even of soap and water, for many a long day; smoke-dried, soot-encrusted, weather-stained, worm-eaten, and altogether decayed and dilapidated. Still it suited me—for reasons I may by-and-by adduce—to live in it. I had for a considerable period occupied a quaint, cramped group of apartments on the highest floor. They were small, low-ceilinged, and ill-arranged, with narrow windows, starved fireplaces, and chimneys that invariably smoked. They were burning hot in summer, from the sun beating so directly on the slated roof; and bitterly cold in winter, when the wind came roaring up the river, dashing against the house till its every timber creaked and trembled, and the rooms seemed to rock and plunge in the gale like a ship at sea. Now there was the whispering as of shrill voices through the keyholes; now the carpet on the floor was lifted as though by human hands; now the doors seemed prized and started from their locks and hinges; now some furious gusts hurled rain, or hail, or snowflakes against the casements, until their fastenings were rent, and with a wild crash they sprang open. It was by no means an admirable dwelling-place; still, as I have said, it suited me.

And then my rooms had their advantages. In fine weather I could mount to the roof, and enjoy a fine panorama of London. I could note the glories of sunrise and sunset; the soft cloud of distant hills on the south; the wide-flowing river below, and the numberless little vessels riding upon its jaundiced waters. At night there were the twinkling lamps upon the bridges to be observed; the multitudinous stars overhead, or the white moon rising from a bank of fog or smoke, flecking the wavelets with silver, or flooding the house-tops with light. The hours and hours I have passed upon my roof! The many times I have seen the death of the day and the birth of the night, the sinking of the sun, the rising of the moon! London asleep, midnight gone, and silence over all, but for the ceaseless soft lapping of the river, and now and again the solemn striking of the church clocks—tolling ever, as it were, for the passing away of time. The world hushed and asleep, and I and the stars the only watchers!

And I loved my roof in that it seemed to bring death and me so near together. It was a weird fancy, perhaps, but it

often recurred to me, and I found myself greatly harping upon it. At any moment a step from the low parapet—a chance step, or one taken by design—it mattered little which—and my life was at an end. I derived a curious pleasure from considering the ease with which I could thus dispose of myself, for ever. But a step, and there was the grave; mine whenever I so chose. And what would the world say? Did it matter much to me what the world might say about that, or indeed about anything? *Felo de se*, perhaps. But what a trifle would alter that view of the case! Say I went over the parapet, holding a jug or a can in my hands. My death would then be called a fatal accident. It would be explained that I had been tending the few trumpery plants I keep upon my roof, and that in so doing I had missed my footing, or turned suddenly giddy, and fallen over the side. Possibly I should be pitied, lamented; many people might even profess to be shocked! So much for the fallibility of human judgments!

The knocking had continued; had, indeed, increased. There now, indeed, seemed to be an intention to hammer the door down. The noise had become unbearable. Who could this persistent person be? What did he mean by disturbing me in this shameful manner? It was necessary for me to go to the door, if only to remonstrate with him, or to take measures for punishing him for his outrageous conduct.

Reluctantly—for I had long disliked action of any kind; I interfered with none, and naturally objected to being interfered with—I went to the door and opened it. Forthwith a stout, stern-looking, middle-aged man, dressed in a rough great coat, buttoned up to his chin, entered, with great abruptness. Immediately he closed the door after him, and clapped his back against it.

"Your name is Owen Gorton," he asserted, rather than inquired.

I admitted that I was Owen Gorton.

"You will consider yourself in my custody."

"In your custody?"

"I am a police-officer. I hold a warrant for your arrest."

"For my arrest? Absurd! On what charge, pray?"

"Murder!"

It was very strange. Yet, somehow, I did not feel much surprise, or anything like alarm, I remember. It was so clear



to me that the man was mad, or that there had been some extraordinary mistake.

"Who has been murdered, may I ask?"

"James Thorpe, sugar broker."

"When, pray?"

"The night before last."

"And where?"

"At his house, near Chalk Farm."

"James Thorpe, sugar broker," I said, musingly. "I know him—or rather I used to know him—but I've not seen him for some years past."

"It's my duty to inform you, Mr. Gorton, that anything you say may be used against you."

"At Chalk Farm—last night? Why, I have not stirred outside my door these eight and forty hours."

"So much the better for you—if you can prove it."

I was impressed by his words. Living alone as I did, in so retired a fashion, it would perhaps be difficult to prove anything in regard to my movements abroad, or my staying at home. Still the charge brought against me was really of so monstrous a character that I could not regard it with anything like alarm. The whole thing was so palpably absurd. Annoyed I might well be; but, as yet, I was certainly not alarmed.

"I must trouble you to come with me, sir," said the constable.

"You will let me finish dressing? I am hardly equipped for going out."

"Certainly. Only I can't lose sight of you. You'll excuse me, sir; mine is a painful duty, but I must discharge it. You can see my warrant if you wish."

"It's not necessary," I said; "I shall be ready to accompany you in two minutes."

I entered my dressing-room to change my coat, doff my slippers, and put on a pair of boots, the officer closely following me the while.

"That leads to the roof, perhaps?" he inquired, pointing to a door in the dressing-room.

"Yes; it opens on to a narrow staircase; there's a trap-door at the top."

I could not but observe that he was careful to place himself between me and the door. Moreover, I noticed that, whenever I approached the open window, he stood close to me with his hand upraised, ready, as it seemed to me, to clutch at my coat collar.

"This is certainly the strangest mistake that ever was made, officer," I said.

"Maybe so, sir," he answered. "Mis-

takes are made sometimes, of course. Let us hope that this is one."

"But you must see yourself, officer, that the thing is absurd."

"I can't help that, sir. I can only act upon the information I've received. I haven't to deal otherwise with the case. It will come before the magistrate in the regular way."

"But this James Thorpe was a friend of mine years ago. I used to know him very well indeed."

He was silent, but I could see that he was mentally registering all I said.

"We disagreed at last; downright quarrelled, indeed; I don't mind saying as much. I was sincerely attached to him at one time; but I got to hate him at last. Still, as to murdering him——"

I paused. I so plainly read in the constable's face a renewal of the caution he had given me, that anything I said might be used against me.

"How was he murdered?" I inquired abruptly.

"He was stabbed in the back by some sharp instrument."

"The night before last, you say. At what hour?"

"At nine o'clock, or thereabout. At least that's as I understand the matter."

There was a strange look in the man's face as he said this. As I interpreted it, it seemed to import, "Why ask all these questions? You know more about the matter than I do."

"I am ready now. Where's my hat?"

I proposed to ring the bell for the housekeeper, who lived on the basement, to come upstairs. I desired to inform her of the circumstances under which I was quitting the house.

"Better not, sir," said the officer. "It will only make a disturbance. Let's keep the thing quiet. That's always the pleasantest way. She'll hear of it all fast enough. Here's your hat."

Still I was reluctant to go without leaving a message for my housekeeper. Yet it would be difficult to explain the matter to her in a few words. She would surely misunderstand me. She would perceive that I was in custody, and perhaps hasten to the conclusion that I deserved my fate.

"You won't be seen, sir," the officer went on. "I've a cab at the door. Besides, if there's, as you say, a mistake, the business won't take long. You'll be free again almost immediately."

He said this rather coaxingly, I thought; not as though he really believed it. Still it was reasonable enough.

"And you're not a gentleman as would give trouble, I'm sure," he said. "But this is a serious charge, you know, and a man in my position has his duty to perform. There."

He had handcuffed me, with curious quickness and dexterity.

"Now we're ready, and all complete. Stay!" With great considerateness he pulled down the cuffs of my coat so as to hide my wrists and their fetters, as much as possible. I had, of course, never been handcuffed before. The sensation was of a painful kind; and the cold iron rings, pressing against my wrists, sent, at first, a strange thrill through me. But this soon wore off as the metal grew warmer. Still the whole thing was degrading and distressing; especially to one who, as I did, hated anything like publicity, and was accustomed to live a life of solitude and strict seclusion.

On the landing outside my door stood two policemen, in uniform.

"Cab ready, Wills?" inquired Bligh. "That's all right. You'll stay here, Cobbett; you understand. Now then, sir, please."

Wills mounted to the box. Bligh took his seat beside me in the cab; Cobbett we left behind. I am not sure whether any of my neighbours in the street saw my removal in custody. I did not glance right or left, but kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I might be observed, but I did not want to know that I was observed.

My companion said nothing to me in the cab. He released my arm, whistled, made some brief entries with a very blunt pencil in a large black pocket-book he carried, and every now and then, I remember, he took a rapid yet acute survey of me, as though noting my air, expression, manner, and appearance.

We drove to the Bow-street police station. Bligh interchanged some few words with a constable on duty at the entrance. He ascertained that the magistrate was still sitting in the court on the other side of the street.

"Lucky," I overheard him say. "We can get a remand at once." And then he whispered some instructions to the policeman. I heard the word "witnesses," but little more.

There were not many people in the street, but they seemed to be talking to-

gether rather excitedly. They pressed forward to look at me. They were kept at a few yards' distance, however, by the constables in attendance.

I stood at the prisoners' bar in the police court.

The magistrate was informed by someone—I am not clear by whom—that my name was Owen Gorton, and that I was charged with the wilful murder of James Thorpe. There was a buzz of excitement. The court was very crowded.

Then some one—again I know not whom—stated that it was only proposed to offer that day sufficient evidence to justify my being remanded for further examination on some future occasion.

#### CHAPTER II.

I WAS as a man in a dream. All was so strange and new to me, that I felt greatly perplexed and bewildered. I could not yet bring myself to understand fully the situation I occupied, or the nature of the proceedings in which I was involved. That I was a prisoner accused of murder; that evidence was forthcoming in substantiation of the charge; that there was already a prevalent disposition, on the part of those about me, to regard me as guilty—all this was hopelessly inconceivable to me. Even now, my recollection of these painful experiences is curiously blurred and vague. I am naturally shortsighted, and my infirmity has been much increased by long poring over books and writings. Unfortunately, in my hurried departure from my chambers, I had forgotten to bring with me the spectacles I usually assumed whenever I wished to view objects at any little distance from me. The faces of the people about me, as I stood at the prisoners' bar in the police court, were therefore presented to me in an indistinct form, like pale blots upon a dark ground. I could not define with certainty their features or expressions, but I was assured that I was an object of general curiosity, of highly-excited observation on the part of all present. Still I could discover no one that I knew among the crowd. For friends—well, I had no friends. For years I had disbelieved in the existence of friends—real friends. I would have given much, however, if I could have perceived but one ordinary acquaintance near me. It would have been as a kind of link, uniting me to reality and every-day life—an evidence in some sort that I had not been borne to an imaginary world, or

fallen a victim to some extraordinary hallucination. But I was encompassed by strangers on every side, or by even worse, as I judged—by enemies.

Of the presiding magistrate, I could only see that he was a pale, bald-headed man; his face to me was as a blank white oval. When he spoke, I noted that his voice was very calm and distinct.

I listened to the evidence, but I was in too confused a state to comprehend its purport fully, or to follow it very closely. My head ached cruelly. My mind wandered, too. I was still occupied with marvelling over the strangeness of my position; its danger I did not yet appreciate. And yet curious thoughts, having no sort of relation to the charge brought against me, engaged me at intervals, almost in an absorbing degree. At one time I distinctly remember I was busy with a calculation of great complexity, involving long lines and columns of figures, and having for its object something—I know not what. It was altogether meaningless, perhaps, and yet I seemed constrained to devote myself to it, as though it had been a matter of singular importance and value.

A witness, a domestic servant in the employ of the late Mr. Thorpe, gave evidence in regard to the discovery of the murder. She stood within a few feet of me. She was a middle-aged woman, coarsely dressed and homely of bearing, as it seemed to me, yet altogether of respectable appearance. She was much affected, and sobbed audibly. She had entered the back dining-room late at night, and discovered the body of her master lying upon the floor, face downwards. He had been wounded in the back; blood had been flowing copiously. He did not speak or move. He was quite dead. The gas had been extinguished. The window was open. It looked into a garden. It was easy to obtain access to the house by means of the garden and the window of the back parlour. Mr. Thorpe was a widower, she believed. She had left the house for a short time to do some shopping for herself and to fetch the supper beer. She could not be quite sure how long she had been absent. She had been detained. She had stayed to converse with a friend. She was quite sober; of that she was certain. She had not been absent, she was sure, for more than an hour and a half at the outside. It was perhaps half-past ten when she returned.

Her fellow servant had gone away for a week into the country, owing to ill-health. On that account she had been living alone in the house with her master. He gave little trouble. He usually dined in the City, she believed; at any rate away from his house. She spoke to him when she saw him lying upon the floor. He did not move; he did not answer. She went to him and tried to raise him. She touched his hand and found it nearly cold. She was much frightened, and felt very faint. She hurried out and gave the alarm. The house was semi-detached, and the adjoining premises were unoccupied. She informed the opposite neighbours, and by their advice went for the medical man, who resided about a hundred yards off, at the corner of the Terrace. Returning from the doctor's, she met a policeman, and went back with him to the house. She found everything as she had left it.

In reply to a question addressed her by the magistrate, she stated that, to the best of her belief, she had never before set eyes upon me—the prisoner at the bar. She had been rather more than three years in the service of Mr. Thorpe.

A policeman confirmed her evidence. So far as I could make out, he was not one of the constables I had seen at my chambers at the time of my arrest. He produced a knife, found upon the floor, close to the body. I saw it glitter and flash in the sunlight streaming into the court from an upper window. The shape of the weapon, however, I could not distinguish, save that it seemed to be of considerable length.

The doctor then entered the box. He described, with medical particularity, the nature of the wound inflicted upon Mr. Thorpe. Death must have been instantaneous. The blow must have been one of extraordinary force, and could not possibly have been self-inflicted. The weapon produced was a likely instrument to have been employed. The orifice and depth of the wound corresponded with the dimensions of the blade. He had probed the wound. The blow had severed the spinal cord. The deceased had not been a patient of his; knew him well by sight, however, as a neighbour. Deceased was probably about fifty. He was of robust proportions and of middle height. Death could only be ascribed to the wound in the back. Mr. Thorpe had been dead an hour and a half, or two hours, perhaps, when he (the doctor) first saw the body.

As yet there was nothing to connect me

with the crime in any way. But now came evidence as to footprints in the garden. These were proved to correspond exactly with the soles of a pair of boots of mine, conveyed from my chambers, and produced in court. A witness also deposed that he had met a man running from the direction of Mr. Thorpe's house. The man had passed him as he stood beneath a gas lamp. The light had fallen full upon the face of the man running. His dress was disordered, and his manner betrayed great agitation. Witness could not fail to know him again. Witness was prepared to swear that the man he had seen running from the direction of Mr. Thorpe's house, on the night of the murder, was none other than the prisoner at the bar. This strange evidence was confirmed by the statement of another and, as it seemed, altogether independent witness, who professed to have seen me beyond all doubt, on the night of the murder, immediately in the neighbourhood of Mr. Thorpe's residence.

I cannot pretend that I have set forth the evidence against me fully or exactly as it was adduced in court. I was so disturbed and distressed at my strange position, that many minor points and details, no doubt, escaped me. Its purport and general effect was, however, very much as I have stated.

The magistrate decided that there was quite enough evidence before him to justify a remand. The question of bail was not entered upon. Whom could I ask? What friends had I to undertake to be bail for me? Besides, the case was too grave to admit of my being released temporarily in that way. I was informed that I was remanded for a week.

That night I lodged in Newgate.

#### CORDELIA ON THE GARONNE.

In the course of our frequent studies of folk-lore, we have found several favourites of the nursery taking up their abode in strange places, and associated with strange companions. The number of popular tales, of which versions differing more or less from each other are not to be found in many lands, is small indeed. Comparatively small, consequently, is the number of those tales which differ from each other in essentials, however they may vary in their details. Very commonly, stories which are mutually independent in one country, are incorporated with one another else-

where. Of this sort of combination we have a remarkable instance in a tale current at Angers, on the banks of the Garonne, and communicated to M. J. F. Blade, a French antiquary, by oral tradition. It identifies Cinderella with Cordelia.

A certain king, whose chief peculiarity seems to have been an extraordinary predilection for salt, and who was moreover a widower, had three marriageable daughters, and a priceless valet whom he consulted on every matter of importance. The valet was a man of exceeding discretion, and when his royal master told him that he was about to intrust him with an important secret, he was by no means gratified, but remarked that if the king had another confidant, and this confidant betrayed his trust, he (the valet) would run the risk of being suspected of a breach of faith. The king having promised that the valet should be his sole confidant, the latter consented to become the depository of the secret, which was to the effect that his master not only desired to retire from the throne, but also to divide his lands equally among his three daughters, reserving to himself nothing but a small annuity.

The valet remonstrated, advising the king to retain his lands, and content himself with settling something handsome on his daughters; but his counsel was not followed, and the three princesses were summoned into the presence of their father, who thought he would begin by testing the affection with which they regarded him. The elder sisters, on being questioned, both professed that they loved him better than anything in the world; but the third confined herself to the assertion that she loved him as well as he loved salt.

Now, though we are told that the king loved salt better than anything else, and that consequently the assertion of the youngest daughter was virtually the same as that of the others, one cannot avoid the reflection, that the way she expressed herself was most infelicitous, seeming not only to indicate a lack of affection, but to be somewhat satirical. That the old king ordered her to retire to her chamber was but natural; when, however, on the suggestion of his elder daughters, he came to the conclusion that she was worthy of death, he certainly went a little too far.

Nor was his wrath transient. Hurrying to the bakehouse, where it appears the indispensable valet was always to be found in the act of kneading dough, he ordered



him instantly to fetch a notary, who would effect a legal division of the kingdom between the two elder daughters, and an executioner, who would inflict capital punishment on the youngest.

We have an old maxim, which teaches us that actions speak more plainly than words; and the same doctrine is handed down among the Gascons, in a very ungallant proverb, according to which, words are female and actions male—*las parañolas soun de femèlos, mès las actions soun de mascles*. Of this proverb the sagacious valet made use when his master told him what had occurred, and he advised him not to be too hasty. The king, however, was one of those nervous persons, whose fondness for seeking advice is fully equalled by a determination not to follow it, and he plainly told the valet that he would cudgel him soundly if he did not at once obey orders and hold his tongue.

Reference to corporal punishment seemed to produce a marvellous change in the sentiments of the valet, who not only professed his readiness to fetch the notary, but even declared that he would be extremely happy to take the office of executioner upon himself. Yes, he would conduct the youngest princess into the forest, and there put her to death, and he would bring back her tongue as a proof that his task had been duly performed.

The king applauded the zeal of the valet, and accepted his offer. The notary, on his arrival, was instructed to marry the young ladies (civily, of course), and to apportion the kingdom equally between them, with the reservation that the king should reside for six months in the year with one daughter, and for an equal term with the other. Bribed by the young ladies, he, however, artfully contrived to omit all mention of the reservation.

The ceremony ended, the valet, with the sanction of the king, whistled for his dog, girded on his sword, brought the youngest princess from her chamber, put a chain round her neck, and dragged her to the forest, overwhelming her with opprobrious language, so long as he was within ear-shot of the king. But no sooner was he out of hearing than he changed his tone, and told her, in the most courteous language, that all that he had done was for the sake of preserving her life. He had packed up her royal vestments; had provided her with the humble garb of a peasant girl; and had even secured her a place of refuge, as keeper

of turkeys, under the queen of a neighbouring king, whom he had served before he waited on her father. This plan was carried out. The queen gladly engaged the princess as keeper of the royal turkeys, and allowed her to sleep in a small room under the staircase. As for the valet, he killed his dog, cut out its tongue, and presented it to the king his master.

Counterparts of this valet are to be found in many tales, but he had one characteristic which distinguished him from his compeers—namely, a very keen eye to the main chance. Therefore, when the spiteful old king, on receiving the tongue, gave him a hundred pieces of gold, he said that the sum was too small, whereupon he received another hundred from the king and as much from each of the daughters. Thus recompensed, he could go to sleep, with the satisfactory feeling that he had done a deed which was extremely virtuous, and very profitable into the bargain.

The elder daughters lost no time in taking advantage of their position. On the very day after the events just recorded, they appeared, each accompanied by her husband, before the king, and desired him to quit the premises forthwith. Half the palace belonged to the eldest princess, half to the second; and, as there are only two halves even in the largest building, it was clear that the old gentleman was nowhere.

The unkindness of his children did not altogether banish his presence of mind. He loudly reproached them for their ingratitude; but in more business-like tones he referred to the document prepared by the notary. When he was informed that this was valueless, his spirit was broken, and he could only stammer out:—

“*Lou notari es tan canaillo como vous.*”  
(The notary is as arrant a scoundrel as yourselves.)

The poor old king left the palace, and the very first person he met was the valet, who, for a wonder, was not occupied with kneading dough in the bakehouse. He would rather have met anybody else, for he thought he could detect something like a triumphant chuckle in the man's face. But he told his dismal story, and bore, as well as he could, those remonstrances with which an excellent friend is sure to be liberal when you have neglected to follow his advice, and have come to grief in consequence. Patience was heightened into

gratitude when the valet informed him that he would not only wait on him for nothing—the only wages at the king's disposal—but that he had saved enough to maintain them both. And the man was as good as his word, for he laid out the money he had received the day before in the purchase of a small farm, which he presented to his master, who had only to eat, drink, and sleep, while his faithful companion attended to the vineyards and the fields.

In the meantime the king's youngest daughter went through a series of adventures which we shall very rapidly recount. The son of the other king, under whom she served as keeper of the royal turkeys, was so extremely handsome, that it was considered a matter of etiquette for all the young women in the domain, high or low, to fall in love with him, and she was not behind the fashion, though in her humble capacity she remained unnoticed. She resolved within herself that her obscurity should not last for ever.

During the time of the Carnival, which soon arrived, the young prince was in the habit of mounting his horse every evening after supper, and of riding to one of the neighbouring châteaux, where he danced till break of day. On one of these occasions the disguised princess took advantage of the costly garments which had been brought with her from home, dressed her hair with a golden comb, put on white stockings and red morocco shoes, and covered all with a sky-blue gown. Thus equipped, she rode on a horse, which she had surreptitiously borrowed from the royal stables, to the château where the prince was expected to dance; astonished everybody by the brilliancy of her appearance; danced with the king's son; and disappeared at the stroke of midnight. When, on the following day, the prince passed as usual the keeper of the turkeys, he could not help remarking that she bore a strong resemblance to his partner on the previous evening. On the two following evenings the same process was repeated, with this difference, that on the second the gown was of the colour of silver, and on the third of the colour of gold, and that on the third—have our readers guessed as much?—she left one of her slippers behind her. Of course the slipper was found by the prince, who vowed that he would never marry anyone but the lady whose foot it fitted; of course it was tried without success upon every beauty

of the court; of course a herald was sent about offering a reward for its proper owner; of course the keeper of the turkeys responded to the summons, and, of course, the slipper fitted her like a glove, to the utter confusion of all rivals.

When, however, the triumphant beauty had put on her fine clothes and appeared at her best, her adherence to the well-known path once trodden by Cinderella came to an end. Thus, when the king had told her that she must marry his son, far from jumping into compliance with the order, she said she would obey him, when he had obtained her own father's consent, and that in the meanwhile she would continue her duties as keeper of the royal turkeys.

Let us return to the exiled king, who was still at the farm with his valet, lamenting the wickedness of his two daughters and the shabbiness of his sons-in-law. He now regretted that the valet had put his younger child to death, reflecting, with tears in his eyes, that she would have been so very useful in stitching his shirts, and mending his clothes. Besides, she would have been something of a companion, whereas the conversation of the valet, admirable fellow as he was, began to grow rather monotonous.

Cheered, though not flattered, by his master's present sentiments, the valet confessed the truth, and off they went together to the palace of the other king, who courteously asked them what they wanted. The reply of the fallen monarch was not without dignity.

"King," said he, "I have been a king like yourself, and once had a palace which, to say the least of it, was quite as handsome as yours. With my daughters, on the other hand, I have not been fortunate. Two of them turned me out of doors, and the third has a place here, as a keeper of turkeys. To her alone my business refers; I have simply come to claim her."

"Really," replied the other, "it is not easy to comply with your request. My son has fallen so deeply in love with her, that he can neither eat nor drink—"

"That was never a fault with my two elder girls," interrupted the exile.

"However," continued the more fortunate king, "if you will consent to the marriage of your daughter with my son, I think we may come to a good understanding."

"Possibly," answered the exile, with some hesitation; "but I am no tyrannical

parent" (here the valet suppressed a whistle), "and I am the last person in the world to force my child's inclination. Let her express her own views in the matter."

The lady was brought into the royal presence accordingly, and, as the Gascon historian elegantly expresses himself, the prince trembled like a cow's tail (*trambalabo coumo la cùio d'uno vaco*), and was as white as meal, while awaiting her answer to the question, whether she would accept him for a husband. Happily, her decision was in his favour, but she insisted that the wedding should not take place until he and his father had restored the royal exile to his former state.

Her wish was granted. The king and his son assembled all the men of the country, set out at night, and took possession of the palace, before the sisters knew that they were attacked. Victory was followed by summary justice. The princesses were both hanged, and likewise their husbands, who possibly thought that they were hardly used; and the bodies of all four were cast into the fields as food for beasts and birds. The exile was, of course, reseatd on his throne.

Of course, too, the prince married the youngest sister, and Gascony still remembers the splendour of the nuptials. Brilliant above the rest was the virtuous valet, who stood behind the bride's chair, and who was ordered by his grateful master to choose a handsome wife, and live on an equality with his quondam betters for the remainder of his days.

## A SILENT WITNESS.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "CASTAWAY," "THE YELLOW FLAG," &c. &c.

BOOK III. CHAPTER VI. LAST WORDS.

CLEMENT BURTON was a man of the time. In these days, he who would succeed in any secular profession must not content himself with mastering its details; he must have some knowledge, however superficial, of everything that is passing round him; must be seen here and there; must be known and spoken of. There is a touch of charlatanism in all this, perhaps, which may be distasteful to the earnest and the thoughtful; but it is essential to their welfare and success, and they do well to give in to it, and to glide easily along with the current. After leaving Miss Middleham's that evening, Clement Burton had made his bow to a great lady

of fashion, who was entertaining the political world and its hangers-on, and had been seen later on at a club frequented by the better portion of the gilded youth of the period; but he was up the next morning betimes, and by nine o'clock had made his round of the patients in his immediate neighbourhood, had swallowed his breakfast, and was skimming the contents of the various newspapers preparatory to receiving the visitors, whose knocks were already resounding through the house. When he had dismissed the last of his patients, he started off to meet Miss Middleham, by appointment, at St. Vitus's, looking in for a few minutes at the private view of a picture exhibition on his way; and with all this he was as fresh and unwearied, on his arrival at the hospital, as though he had just risen from his bed.

Grace Middleham was punctual to the time, though the night had been to her a sleepless one. The news brought by Mr. Burton on his return, that the sufferer was the father of the friend whom she had once so tenderly loved, and whose disappearance she constantly deplored, affected her very deeply. There seemed to be a kind of fatality connecting her with the Studleys, and the only bright gleam in Grace's dark thoughts was caused by a ray of hope that, through this accidental rencontre, she might once more be brought into communication with Anne. A slight ray indeed, when she remembered that, at the time of their inhabiting the German household together, Anne could not say positively whether her father was or was not alive; but yet Grace had a kind of presentiment that out of this evil good would come, and she went to her appointment with Clement Burton in a hopeful spirit, the reason for which she could have explained to none, and scarcely could understand herself.

Mr. Burton received her at the door of the hospital, and conducted her to the house-surgeon's room. "My friend Channell wishes us to stop here, Miss Middleham," he said, "until he has finished his rounds; he will be done in a few minutes, and will bring us the last report about the patient."

"How is the poor man doing?" asked Grace.

"About as badly as possible," replied Mr. Burton. "There is no use in concealing from you, Miss Middleham, what Channell has just told me; the old man's life is to be counted by hours. Do not

shrink; he could have lived but a very little time, even if this accident had not occurred to him. He has been for a long time in a deep decline, and the end was very close at hand."

"Does he suffer much?" asked Grace, to whose eyes the tears had risen.

"Scarcely at all," said Mr. Burton; "the injury done yesterday was to the spine. I have heard no particulars from Channell or the nurses, but he is probably lying in a comatose state, not knowing that his life is ebbing away."

"I have a strong desire to see and speak to him," said Grace; "do you think it would be possible?"

"We can ask Channell when he comes," said Mr. Burton. "There can be no objection to your seeing him; but, as to the speaking, I doubt whether he would be found in a state for much conversation."

At this point Mr. Channell, a bluff, practical young man, entered the room. Introduced to Miss Middleham, he immediately began to prove his practicality by offering sherry, and produced a black bottle from a cupboard, the open door of which revealed glimpses of a large assortment of railway literature, a pair of boxing-gloves, and a choice collection of brier-root pipes.

"And how is the patient, Channell?" asked Burton, when the proffered refreshment had been declined.

"Case of hooks, sir," replied Mr. Channell, who had helped himself. "You will excuse me taking a toothful of sherry and a biscuit, Miss Middleham, but I have been at it since five A.M., when I was knocked up by a compound fracture, and I have been on the grind ever since—to say nothing of taking my turn with a man who has had an overdose of laudanum, and who has been run up and down the backyard between two fellows for the last three hours."

"Tell us about this man whom I brought in last night, Channell," said Burton, marking the look of astonishment on Grace's face. "Which of the nurses is in attendance on him?"

"Well, my boy, not your particular pet, Mrs. Gaynor," said Mr. Channell, still with his mouthful. "You have stolen her away for that special case which you are keeping so snug in the suburbs. Oh, I don't want to interfere with you, old man," he continued, noticing, but misunderstanding a motion of the hand which Burton made. "She would be thrown away, I

know, in a case like this. Mrs. Oliver, who is the 'surgery' just now, has got this old gentleman in hand, and is taking very great care of him."

As Mr. Channell again turned to the cupboard for refreshment purposes, Clement Burton, lowering his voice, said to Grace: "The case which he mentioned in the suburbs is a very sad one, which I have intended bringing under your notice, and of which I will speak to you some other time. By-the-way, Channell," he continued, in a louder tone, "Miss Middleham is anxious to see the patient, and to talk with him; I suppose there would be no objection?"

"Not the least in the world, so far as I am concerned," said Mr. Channell. "Of course, Miss Middleham knows what to expect—not a very lively sight, the Accident Ward—but there is no accounting for taste."

"This is not a mere gratification of idle curiosity, my good fellow, you may take my word for that," said Mr. Burton, in a sharp tone. "Miss Middleham doubtless has her reasons for what she proposes. Is Mr. Studley wandering still?"

"Not the least; sensible as a judge and patient as Job," said the house-surgeon. "He won't be able to talk much; but, in regard to his senses, he is as fit as a fiddle."

"We will go to him then, please," said Mr. Burton, and they started forth, Mr. Channell leading the way.

The "sister" in charge of the ward came out at their entrance from the little sanctum partitioned off for her use in one corner of the room, and after exchanging a few words with the house-surgeon, accompanied them to the bedside which they were seeking. As they passed down between the rows of beds, the poor patients gazed at them with their sunken eyes in wonder. To such as had any connection with life still left, to those whose glazed looks were not fixed upon the ceiling, Grace's presence there was a matter of astonishment. It was not the regular visiting-day—they knew that—or their friends would have come to see them; but they were too weak to look long or to speculate at all; and the poor pinched faces—more masks than faces for the most part, so completely had the usual expression faded out of them—sank back upon the pillows, and the poor feeble brain busied itself no more.

"This is my case," said the house-surgeon, as he stopped at the bedside.



"Mr. Studley, here is a lady come to see you."

The old man started, and raised himself as rapidly as his injury would permit. Grace, as she seated herself in the chair close by, heard him murmur "Anne," and marked the look of disappointment which came over him as his eyes fell upon her. Then he muttered, "No; Anne's dead!" and relapsed into quiet.

"I am the lady by whose horses you were knocked down yesterday, Mr. Studley," said Grace, in trembling tones, "and I am come to tell you how grieved I am at the accident, and to express my earnest wish that you should be supplied with everything that can possibly be of any service to you."

"You are very good," said the old man, with a ghastly endeavour to throw something of his former tone of gallantry into his piping voice. "You are very good, but there is really no occasion for you to trouble yourself; it was an accident, due, I daresay, as much to my own stupidity as to anything else; and as to being cared for, the good people here let me want for nothing."

"Are you in any pain just now, Mr. Studley?" asked the house-surgeon.

"No, sir, no," said the old man. "I cannot, as you are aware, move from this position, but I feel no actual pain."

"Would you like me to read to you?" asked Grace.

"You are very kind," said the captain, with some hesitation, eying the Bible which the nurse had handed to the visitor; "and I shall be very much obliged to you. Your voice is soft and sympathetic, and I am sure to enjoy it."

The house-surgeon hurried off to his other engagements, and Mr. Burton also took his leave, promising to meet Miss Middleham at the hospital the next day.

So soon as they were alone together, Grace opened the book and commenced reading from the Gospel of St. John. The old man listened, at first carelessly, then eagerly. The light, worldly expression which he had endeavoured to assume died out of his face, which for some time bore in its place the reflex of strong emotion; gradually the eyes closed, and the sharp-outlined features sank into repose. Then Grace took her leave, telling Sister Oliver to expect her the following day.

The next morning Mr. Burton was in attendance, and received Grace as she alighted from her carriage at the hospital-

door. In answer to her question as to how the patient was progressing, he said, "I am sorry to say that he is decidedly worse. From what Sister Oliver tells me, he seems to have been greatly excited by your visit. After you were gone he inquired your name, and when he learned it was much troubled, and expressed the greatest anxiety to see you again. This morning, although much weaker, he is somewhat sustained by excitement, and has already once or twice asked if you had arrived."

"That is quite intelligible," said Grace, quietly. "I am acquainted with some passages in this poor man's life, as he doubtless knows—matters which I will explain to you hereafter, Mr. Burton, and take your advice upon. Now, perhaps, we had better go to him at once."

When they reached the bedside, Grace noticed a great change in the aspect of the patient: his face looked thinner and more pinched, and there was an eager, restless light in his eyes, and a quivering motion of the lips, which it seemed impossible for him to control. He struggled to raise himself as his visitors approached; but his strength was unequal to the effort, and he lay helpless on the pillow. Still his lips moved, and Grace bent over him, to catch what he said.

"Alone—all alone!"

"Not so," said Grace, kindly. "We are here with you; we—" But an impatient movement of his hand interrupted her.

"Go—go—away," were his broken words; his finger pointing, at the same time, to Clement Burton, who stood by the bedside.

"He has something to say to you which I am not to hear," whispered Mr. Burton to her. "I will withdraw, but shall remain within call; he is merely kept up now by unnatural excitement, and might swoon at any moment."

"We are alone now," said Grace, bending over the bed; "if there is anything you wish to say to me."

"Closer—closer," he said, with a downward motion of his hand. Grace bent her head until it almost touched the pillow, bringing her ear to the old man's mouth. Then he whispered, "Are you the Miss Middleham who went to school with my daughter Anne?"

"Yes," replied Grace, in the same tone, "I am; she was my dearest friend."

"A good girl," he moaned. Then, a sharp spasm sweeping over his face, "I killed her! I drove her to her death."

"Stay," said Grace, remembering her old suspicions, which Anne would never verify or speak about. "Whatever you may have done, you are, as I believe, wrongfully accusing yourself now. So far as I know, Anne is not dead."

"Oh yes," he moaned, feebly. "Hunted out of life, she drowned herself—long ago, at Boulogne."

"Not so," said Grace, quickly; "she escaped thence to Paris, where she met me. For more than a year afterwards we lived together in Germany; she all the time in dread of discovery by you, or some one who had known her in former days."

"Anne alive!" the old man cried, with another fruitless attempt to raise himself. "She is not with you now, or she would be here." Then, his voice sinking to the faintest whisper, "Or, perhaps—perhaps—she won't forgive me?"

"Do not think that," said Grace, eagerly, "do not think that. If she knew of the position in which you are placed, she would be here at your bedside; but she is not living with me now; I have not seen her for months."

"You—you did not desert her," he muttered, with an imploring look; "you are too much of an angel for that."

"No," said Grace, "she left me; I will tell you how. I came to England without her, and, all unknown to her, was engaged to be married to a Mr. Heath—George Heath."

A sharp cry broke from the old man's lips, and rang through the ward. Mr. Burton hurried to the bed; but Studley, recovering himself, signed that he should retire. "I will fetch him a cordial," whispered the surgeon. "And, see, my good friend," he added, addressing the patient, "you must not speak again until you have swallowed a draught which I will bring you."

"I could not help it," murmured Studley, when they were alone together. "That villain's name—Tell me more."

"Hush!" whispered Grace; "you must mind the doctor's orders." And with a childlike obedience he held his peace, and fell a-thinking.

It had come to him at last, then! He was dying, he knew that. Dying in a hospital bed, he, Ned Studley, who had once—That was a strange fate that sent his death to him through the means of the niece of the man he had helped to rob. Old Middleham—and Loddonford—and

Anne's face at the window! What did they say about Anne?—that she was not dead. He was glad to hear that. It was a relief to think that her self-destruction could not be laid to him. And yet, what could have become of her? How could this fair young girl at his bedside be associated with that villain Heath?—He must know all!

The cordial came just in time, and restored the consciousness which was fast ebbing. As soon as Mr. Burton had administered it he retired, and again left Grace alone with the patient. "Do you wish me to tell you more about Anne?" she said. "Are you sure you are strong enough to hear it?"

"Yes," he muttered, "go on—let me know all."

"I told you that I was engaged to Mr. Heath," Grace continued. "At first, I did not mention the fact to Anne, but there was no necessity that I knew of for keeping the matter secret, and I wrote to inform her of it. She was then living in the German home which we had made for ourselves with my old aunt, but within a week of my writing she appeared before me in my London house. She told me that my aunt, who had long been ill, was in a dying state, and desired particularly to see me; and her pleadings had such effect on me, that I consented to return with her to Germany. We started, but when we were arrived at Brussels, she confessed that she had been deceiving me, and that the real object of her taking me away from London was to break off my engagement with George Heath, and place me beyond his power."

A sigh of relief broke from the old man, and a smile played over his lips.

"She told me she had seen Mr. Heath," Grace continued, "and by some influence, which was to me inexplicable, and about which she would say nothing, she had induced him to give up all claim to my hand—nay, more, she showed me a letter in which he voluntarily abandoned the engagement."

"Good girl!" murmured the old man; "always brave—always true!"

"Yes," said Grace; "I have come to think since, that by that act Anne rendered me the greatest possible service, and prevented my life from becoming a burden and a misery to me. But I did not think so then; I was utterly annoyed with what I chose to consider her interference with my plans. She confessed that, during the

time when she and you were together after her leaving school, she had known Mr. Heath, and been engaged to him, and this knowledge rendered me doubly angry. I vainly endeavoured to hide my feelings, but it was impossible. Anne saw that I was hurt and wounded, and a coldness grew up between us which both felt was unbearable. One morning she disappeared, leaving behind her a letter informing me that she could endure the existing state of things no longer, and that search for her would be useless, as she had determined henceforth to be alone in the world. From that day to this, though I have taken every possible means to learn her whereabouts, I have heard nothing of her."

Before she ceased speaking, Grace's voice was broken, and her cheeks were wet with tears. The old man, too, was strongly moved. Bending her ear close towards him, Grace could catch the words, "My poor Anne! my brave girl!"

"Shall I call the doctor?" said Grace, looking with alarm at the change in his face, over which an ashy grayness was spreading.

"No," he muttered, "not yet; listen to me; I can tell you the secret of Anne's influence over that villain, and where she had the power of making him desist from his plan. Anne—my poor Anne, is George Heath's wife."

"His wife?" repeated Grace, almost inarticulately, her tongue and lips becoming suddenly parched. "Anne married to George Heath? When was this brought about? Was it of her own free will? Tell me, I implore you."

But the excitement of the news which he had heard, combined with the effort of speaking, had been too much for the old man, and he lay back upon the pillow, seemingly without the power of utterance. Once or twice his lips parted and his eyes opened, but the attempt to rouse himself was ineffectual, and with a deep sigh he swooned away.

Grace beckoned to Mr. Burton, who was by her side in an instant. His glance at her betrayed some astonishment at finding her so much distressed, but his attention was at once absorbed by the patient, to whom he administered restoratives.

After a time the old man revived, and seeing Grace still seated at his bedside, made a further effort to speak to her.

But here Clement Burton intervened. "I must assert my authority now," he whispered, "my dear Miss Middleham, and

you must go away," he said. "This poor creature is in a most critical state, and perfect repose is essential to him."

"May I not ask him one question?" said Grace.

"Not one," said Mr. Burton. "If you do not mind confiding it to me, I will promise you that, should he at all be in a fit state to reply, it shall be put to him."

"I want to know two things from him," said Grace. "When was Anne Studley married to George Heath, and where?"

"You may rely upon my asking him," said Mr. Burton. "I do not suggest that you should come here to-morrow, as I think these interviews are somewhat exhausting to the poor man, but I will call at your house and let you know the result."

The news which Grace had heard affected her very strongly; the idea that Anne had been married to George Heath had never entered her mind. When her friend had confessed she had been engaged to Mr. Heath, Grace thought the explanation of the circumstance was to be looked for in the close business alliance which, as she had learned from Anne, existed between Heath and Captain Studley. But it was scarcely likely that Anne would have gone the length of permitting herself to be married, and thus bound down for life to this man, unless something of vital importance was dependent on the fulfilment of the contract. Anne, herself, had more than once allowed that her father was utterly unscrupulous, and it was probable that he would shrink very little where the advancement of his own interest was concerned. What could have prompted such a step? Grace thought. However, she would know the next day, when Clement Burton came.

Grace was, however, doomed to disappointment. Mr. Burton arrived according to promise, but from his first words she learned that, for the present at least, she was destined to remain in ignorance of what she so much desired to know.

"I should have executed your commission," he said, "if I had had the chance, but you will have to go to some one else for your information. Poor old Studley died last night, tranquilly and without pain; but also without ever having been sufficiently conscious, since your departure, to understand anything that might have been said to him."

Grace Middleham was greatly distressed at this news. Though she had pretty well

known that the old man's recovery was impossible, it was yet a shock to her to hear of his death. All chance of getting any news of Anne was now as far from her as ever, and she must bear the bitter self-reproach which her wayward conduct towards her friend had imposed upon her, without any opportunity for confessing that she had at last learned to estimate Anne's devotion and self-sacrifice in their proper light.

Clement Burton had marked the tears stealing down Grace's cheeks, and was moved; as most men would be, at such a sight.

"I am afraid, Miss Middleham," said he, "that your not getting the information you sought for is of more importance than it seems, and that you are really distressed for want of it."

With all her wealth and position, Grace had no one throughout the whole of her acquaintance ranking as a friend, and there was something in Clement Burton's voice and manner which invited confidence.

"You are right, Mr. Burton," said Grace; "the information which I hoped to obtain from that poor dead man would have been very valuable to me, for by it I should probably have been enabled to make amends for an error, and to make restitution in a matter which has long weighed on my conscience. As it is, I do not know how to act."

"If my advice, as a practical man of the world not unaccustomed to facing difficulties, would be of any use to you," said Clement, "I need scarcely say it is heartily at your service."

He spoke with greater warmth and earnestness than he had intended. The sight of Grace in tears, and apparently in mental distress, had touched him to the quick. Hitherto, he had only known her in the sunshine and heyday of her happiness; and, even then, his interest in her had been warm and eager. He had not the remotest notion of avowing it, however, or even of hinting at its existence; he knew too well the difference between their fortunes, and he was far too independent and self-reliant to give himself—to say nothing of others—cause for suspecting that he was endeavouring to marry the handsome heiress. But these tears had taken him unawares, and he spoke more naturally and less guardedly than he had heretofore.

"You are very good," said Grace, look-

ing at him frankly. "I have need of an adviser, and I do not know where I should find one who would be not merely as sympathetic but as trustworthy as yourself. You must prepare yourself to listen to a long and somewhat complicated story."

Without further preface, Grace commenced her narration. She told Mr. Burton of her first making acquaintance with Anne Studley, when they were quite little children together, at Chapone House, and of the affection which had sprung up between them, and ripened and endured until the day of saying farewell to the Misses Griggs, and going on their separate errands into the world. Then Grace alluded to the advertisement in the Times, the sight of which brought her from Bonn to Paris, and described her meeting with Anne at the Hôtel de Lille. She did not disguise from Clement Burton that Anne had given no explanation of her life during the interval, and it always seemed desirous that no allusion should be made to it. Then came the description of the days passed in the German home, and of the admirable manner in which Anne had assumed the character of Waller, and had devoted herself to the invalid. The episode of Grace's London life was but lightly touched on; but, knowing the necessity that her intended adviser should be aware of all that had happened, she dwelt upon the fact of her engagement with Mr. Heath, though admitting that the regard which she imagined to have for him could not stand subsequent analysis. Then came the story of Anne's sudden arrival; of the avowal made at Brussels; and of the letter found after her departure from Bonn.

"You will now see, Mr. Burton," said Grace, as she concluded, "the bearing of the two questions which I asked you to put to the poor old man who died last night. It is most important that I should know where Anne Studley is. Having heard my story, can you suggest any means likely to produce the information?"

"Why not repeat the Tocsin advertisement in the Times?" said Mr. Burton.

"I have done so on several occasions," replied Grace, "within the last few months, but all without effect."

Mr. Burton was silent for a few moments, deep in thought. Then his face lighted up as he said, "I have it! Why not advertise at once, and boldly, for George Heath's wife?"



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at 3½ per cent. ....	

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The balance available for future expenses and future profits will amount to .....	
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P. T. O.

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£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
21	1 15 5	2 0 5	36	2 12 5	2 18 3
22	1 16 3	2 1 2	37	2 14 0	3 0 0
23	1 17 0	2 2 0	38	2 15 10	3 1 10
24	1 18 0	2 3 0	39	2 17 9	3 3 10
25	1 19 0	2 4 0	40	2 19 9	3 5 10
26	2 0 0	2 5 0	41	3 1 10	3 8 0
27	2 1 0	2 6 0	42	3 4 0	3 10 5
28	2 2 0	2 7 2	43	3 6 5	3 12 10
29	2 3 0	2 8 5	44	3 8 10	3 15 7
30	2 4 2	2 9 7	45	3 11 5	3 18 3
31	2 5 5	2 10 9	46	3 14 3	4 1 3
32	2 6 8	2 12 0	47	3 17 0	4 4 5
33	2 8 0	2 13 5	48	4 0 2	4 7 8
34	2 9 5	2 15 0	49	4 3 6	4 11 0
35	2 11 0	2 16 7	50	4 7 0	4 14 7

TABLE D. (With Profits.)

ANNUAL PREMIUM FOR THE ASSURANCE OF £100, to be received at 50, 55, 60, and 65 Years of Age, or Earlier in case of Death.

This Table unites the provision for a young family in case of early death, with provision for old age.

Age next Birthday.	50	55	60	65
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	3 6 1	2 18 3	2 12 8	2 8 11
25	3 19 7	3 7 8	3 0 0	2 14 10
30	4 19 7	4 1 2	3 9 8	3 2 5
35	6 13 2	5 1 2	4 3 2	3 12 7
40	.....	6 15 2	5 4 2	4 7 0

TABLE E<sup>a</sup>. (With Profits.)

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Ages next Birthday.		Annual Premium.	Ages next Birthday.		Annual Premium.
A	B	£ s. d.	A	B	£ s. d.
20	20	3 2 5	30	45	5 6 0
	30	3 11 2		50	6 3 10
	40	4 7 10		55	7 8 0
25	25	3 9 2	40	40	5 5 10
	35	4 1 0		50	6 13 7
	50	6 1 2		60	9 8 7

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## BREAKFAST.

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"THERE are very few simple articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as Cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of Cocoa, that there is no difficulty in securing it with every useful quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homœopathic preparation of Cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*On Diet, in the "Civil Service Gazette."*

"A VISIT TO EPPS'S COCOA MANUFACTORY.—Through the kindness of Messrs. Epps, I recently had an opportunity of seeing the many complicated and varied processes the Cacao bean passes through ere it is sold for public use; and being both interested and highly pleased with what I saw during my visit to the manufactory, I thought a brief account of the Cacao, and the way it is manufactured by Messrs. Epps to fit it for a wholesome and nutritious beverage, might be of interest to the readers of 'Land and Water.'"—*See Article in "Land and Water."*

"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—*See Article in "Cassell's Household Guide."*

MADE SIMPLY WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EACH TIN-LINED PACKET IS LABELLED

**JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,**

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